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# A Christmas Hymn

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Edith C. Avery, '15, Adelphian

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'Tis night—calm, holy night.  
Lo, in the eastern skies  
The star's clear guiding light  
O'er Bethlehem doth rise.  
"Peace, Peace to weary earth!"  
Hark, what the angels sing:  
"The star proclaims His birth—  
The birth of Christ, the King."  
  
Fear not, O Shepherds, now  
To worship Him your King;  
To Him all knees shall bow,  
Of Him all nations sing.  
Join with the angel throng—  
Let all disquiet cease—  
In our exultant song  
To Him, the Prince of Peace.



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## Charity

*Edith C. Avery, '15, Adelphian*

“Yes,” said Bates, shortly, “I’ll give you the thousand; but, mind you, I don’t give it for the sake of what you call ‘sweet charity’. I give it to get rid of your everlasting begging. I never did take much stock in this charity business anyway.”

“Thank you, thank you, Mr. Bates,” said his visitor, ignoring the latter part of his benefactor’s speech. “You certainly ought to be congratulated on the way in which you have responded to these appeals for help at Christmas time. You millionaires are very generous with your money. Your name, I believe, is connected with more charitable work than that of any other man in the city.” He arose, took the money, and departed after making several more flattering speeches.

Bates sat down in his office chair to reflect. He thought that he was indeed very generous. Truly, getting to heaven was an easy matter. His so-called charities cost him no personal sacrifice. A few words to his secretary, and a check would be handed over to these beggars. This was all he had to do. The next morning his name would appear in the headlines of the morning papers, and, too, he felt assured, in a Book which has no publisher as yet. Yes, indeed, he was assured in his hope of heaven.

Outside the great office building, the crowds surged this way and that. A light, shifting snow was beginning to fall.

Bates left off his train of thoughts and walked over to the window. “It is Christmas Eve,” he said to himself. “I think I’ll try a short walk in the air for a bracer.”

Outside he mingled with the crowd and dodged this way and that. It was a new experience for the millionaire to get this close to pushing, jostling humanity. He rather liked the novelty of it; yet several times he elbowed his way through the mass with the feeling that they did not know who he was or they would get out of his way.

At the corner of the street, he paused a moment. The choir in the little church was singing, "O, Little Town of Bethlehem". Bates had not heard that hymn since his childhood. A throng of memories rushed over him. Entering the little church, he slipped unnoticed into one of the back pews.

The minister was speaking. "At this glad Christmas tide when we make gifts, let us remember the true spirit of the giver. Let us give with charity, or love. It is fitting that I read you the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians: 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. \* \* And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor \* \* and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing'."

Bates stirred uneasily. Could it mean that all his giving was in vain? "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor \* \* and have not charity." He had given of his goods; but had he given with charity—love? Why, he did not know what charity meant!

The little woman in rusty black smiled at the lonesome little boy across the aisle. The girl with the mistletoe smiled down from the choir with a look of good-fellowship for all the world; and she included him, almost unconsciously, in the smile. Bates experienced a pleasant sensation.

But almost immediately the thought of charity came back to him with renewed force. His self-complacency and satisfaction were destroyed. He must learn the meaning of charity before he could rest.

He slipped out of the church and started briskly toward the east end of the city. His bachelor apartments were in the opposite direction; but it did not enter his head where he was going or how far. His mind was fully occupied.

In the very heart of the east district, Bates started, absent-mindedly, across the narrow, congested street. Whether the driver of the dray wagon was careless or the fault Bates' own could hardly be told, but the cry of warning from the crowd came too late. Bates lay unconscious on the rough stones. When he came slowly to consciousness, an ambulance doctor and a tall laborer were bending over him.

"Would you prefer spending the night with this gentleman?" asked the doctor, indicating the laborer, "or going to the hospital? It would be very hard to get you out of here, as it is Christmas Eve night."

Bates indicated feebly that he preferred to stay with the laborer and lapsed again into unconsciousness.

When he came to himself once more he heard the glad shouts of the children in the little house over their Christmas gifts. A few moments later, a curly-headed little girl flew into his room and offered him half her Christmas gifts, because, she said, "Santa didn't know the poor sick man was going to be here, and so didn't leave his stocking full." Bates thought it was very nice to be shared with.

Later in the day the doctor came. "Well, my man," said he, "you've only a broken arm, sprained ankle, and bruises. A lucky escape, don't you think?"

The patient smiled a little morosely as he assented to the speech.

An half-hour later, the injured limbs having been tightly bandaged, the doctor wished to know whether or not his patient desired to go home for the usual Christmas feast. A shadow flitted over Bates' face. His Christmas feast was always in some gorgeous hotel with a stolid looking waiter for company.

He had made no answer, when his tiny, flurried hostess came timidly in.

"The gentleman is to take dinner with us, of course. That is, if he will give us the pleasure," she said in a winning manner.

This was the best yet, thought Bates. Indeed, he would be glad to be her guest at Christmas dinner.

When the dinner was ready, the host assisted Bates to the seat of honor at the table. The feast was received with shouts of joy by the children. Evidently the huge chicken pie, which formed the greater part of the dinner, was quite a treat to them. Bates was shown all due courtesy. The best of everything was heaped on his plate. He was made to feel as if he belonged in the family.

At the close of the meal, the tiny, curly-headed girl arose to give the prayer of blessing:

“God, bless us each and every one,” she lisped. “Bless daddy, mother, and brother, and bless the poor hurted gentleman and send him something to make him very happy.”

Bates felt that even now her prayer was being answered. A great flood of love flowed into his softened heart, illuminating the minister’s text. “Who giveth *himself with his alms*,” mused Bates.



## Counties Which Have Disappeared

*Louise Crawford, '13, Adelphian*

With the growth of a great nation there must necessarily be a growth of states; and in like manner, with the growth of a state there must be an increase of counties. Consequently the legislature possesses the right to create and to name a state at will, and in the case of counties, to create, to name, to abolish, and again to re-establish any county which it sees fit. It is my purpose to present here the counties of North Carolina which are at present extinct, and under what conditions the names were obliterated, together with the modifications that have taken place in the names of the counties.

The first three big divisions or branches from which all of our other counties have sprung, were Albemarle, Bath and Clarendon. Albemarle, where the first settlement of North Carolina was made in 1659, was named in 1663, and composed all the land on the northeast side of the river Chowan, now Albemarle, extending from the Virginia line to a region a little south of the Albemarle Sound, and southwest to the Roanoke River. It was named in honor of one General Monk—the name being derived from his ducal title. In France it was known as Aumale, a word which we see clearly to be the root of the word Albemarle. A short while after Albemarle was created, the Lords Proprietors contemplated another county, composed of the land on the west bank of the Cape Fear River, extending into South Carolina, which they called Clarendon, after Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. Albemarle was the first, and until 1696, the only large political organization in our state. In that year, however, Bath was created. It included the country lying between the southern boundary of the Albemarle and the Cape Fear Rivers, which was then the northern boundary of Clarendon. This county was named in honor of John Lord Granville, Earl of Bath. In the year 1695, however, practically all the land about the Pamlico River was called by the council, Archdale County, after John

Archdale, one of the proprietary governors in that year. But in December, 1696, an order was passed by the Palatine's court naming this country Pamlico Precinct in Bath County. Thus we have in one issue both a county and a precinct formed, and also the changing of the name of a county, Archdale, to Bath, even as early as 1696.

But to return to Albemarle. In 1671 the Lords Proprietors in order to put the Grand Model into practice, divided Albemarle into four precincts, the eastern being Carteret; the middle, Berkely; the western, Shaftesbury; and a fourth whose name is not positively known, but which is thought to be Perquimans. Twelve years later, Carteret became Currituck, Berkely was changed to Pasquotank, and Shaftesbury and Perquimans became Chowan. These were the names of the principal streams that watered the counties. Clarendon was divided into four precincts, which were named in honor of some of the Lords Proprietors, Berkely, Colleton, Craven, and Carteret. All these, however, had in the year 1728 disappeared and New Hanover was alone left to tell the story. In Bath County in 1705, we have the precincts of Wickham, comprising most of the territory between the Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, west of the Pungo River; Pamlico, covering the territory around the Pamlico River; Pamticough, the exact boundaries of which are not known; and Archdale, embracing the region north of the lower Neuse, and south of it far enough to include the settlements on the Trent and Neuse Rivers. Carteret, the fifth precinct in Bath County, was not created until 1722, and seven years later it became the present Carteret County. The names of the other four disappeared on the dissolution of the proprietary government, and the precincts became the counties of Beaufort, Hyde, Tyrrell, and a part of New Hanover. This change was due to the ambition of the North Carolinians to fashion the province after that of England; and an assembly held in New Bern in March, 1739, passed an act converting the precincts into counties, thus abolishing our parental counties, Albemarle, Bath, and Clarendon. Thus far we have seen three counties abolished, the name of one changed, Archdale, to Bath, and the names of ten precincts—which may really

be regarded as counties. These are: Carteret, Berkely, Shaftesbury, Craven, Perquimans, Colleton, Wickham, Pamticough, Pamlico, and Archdale. Carteret and Craven, however, were afterwards bestowed on other counties, thus preserving their names.

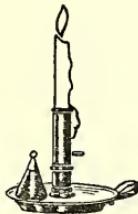
A similar fate also awaited some of the unfortunate counties formed after the year 1739; and Pelham was the first to fall a victim. Its name was abolished, and that of Bladen given to the county. The General Assembly in 1779 blotted out Bute—the name of a county which was called after the hated Earl of Bute—and divided its territory into the counties of Franklin and Warren. Franklin gets its name from Benjamin Franklin, while Warren was named in honor of a distinguished man of Massachusetts, Joseph Warren. Until the year 1779 we had a county called Tryon in honor of William Tryon, one of our royal governors, with whom all North Carolinians are more or less familiar. But his oppressive administration, ending with his cruel, detestable conduct at the battle of Alamance in 1771, caused the General Assembly to obliterate his odious name and to divide the country into Lincoln and Rutherford Counties. Both honors were imposed upon the heroes during the Revolutionary War, when Benjamin Lincoln was courageously fighting against the British at Charleston, and Griffith Rutherford, a brigadier-general, was winning the love and admiration of the state by his character and by his great services in the war. There was in North Carolina up to the year 1791, a county called Dobbs, created by the assembly in November, 1758, and named for Arthur Dobbs, the royal governor of the state in 1754. It was, however, through the influence of Governor Dobbs himself, while he was in the plentitude of his fame, that a county was formed from Craven and named in his honor. It was abolished in 1791, and its territory divided into the counties of Lenoir and Glasgow. Lenoir was called in honor of General William Lenoir, of Wilkes County, who was distinguished for both his revolutionary and his civil services to his state. James Glasgow, who was major of the regiment of the County Dobbs, was one of the noblest and most

trusted men of the Revolution; and on the 18th of December, 1776, when North Carolina adopted the constitution, he was its first secretary of state. When the legislature erased the detestable name of Dobbs, no other one was found more fitting to designate one of the counties of North Carolina than Glasgow. But alas! another change awaited this unfortunate branch of the unfortunate Dobbs. For, three years later when the frauds of Glasgow committed by him against the state were discovered, his odious name connoting shame and disgrace, was forever expunged from our map. The name of Greene, called in honor of General Nathanael Greene, one of the ablest military officers that America has produced, was given to the territory. Cumberland County, with which is connected the romantic history of Flora MacDonald, was formed in 1754 and named for the Duke of Cumberland, at that time a brave officer in England. In 1784 it was changed to Fayette in honor of the noble Frenchman Lafayette, who did America so much service during the Revolutionary War. But for some reason the legislature was dissatisfied with the change, and at its next meeting it bestowed upon the county its original name. In 1846 we had a county created called Polk, which lasted but two years. Having remained dormant for a period of seven years it was re-established in 1855. Thus since the year 1739 seven county names have disappeared, Pelham, Bute, Tryon, Dobbs, Glasgow, Fayette, and Polk. The latter was, as I have said, afterward re-established. The total, then, of counties and precincts which have disappeared is twenty-one, while the total of names that have been entirely obliterated is seventeen.

In addition to the above alterations, there have been a few literal changes in the names of some of the counties. These may be clearly seen below by noting the name as it now stands and then its derivation. Forsyth County was called after Col. Benjamin Forsythe; Cleveland, for Col. Benjamin Cleaveland, one of the heroes of the Revolution; Surry, for Surrey County in England; Edgecombe, in honor of the Earl of Edgecumbe, and Duplin, after Viscount Dupplin.

Changes have also occurred in the names of our towns

and cities, for example: Goldsboro was once Waynesboro; Hillsboro was once Childsboro, etc. These of course have nothing to do with the counties that have disappeared, but they help to make more emphatic the changes that are brought about in the course of events, and the modifications that have taken place during the history of our progressive state.



## The Christmas Joy That Came to Marcia

*Ruth Harris, '15, Adelphian*

The December wind, whistling around the little brown farmhouse on the bluff, tugged and flapped valiantly at the heavy skirts of Marcia Wellons toiling down the muddy hill. Just now, however, she did not mind the wind or the mud; for she was angry.

"I don't see why people can't be accommodating," she muttered, with a resentful glance at the farmhouse behind her; "here I've had to tramp all over the country and can't find a soul to take me home. It's the day before Christmas, too. I don't see why that old boat couldn't come up anyway. It's disgusting! I won't stay in this old hole and miss being at home on Christmas day with mother and father and the boys. There's the party, too. *I won't, I won't, I won't!*" she exclaimed, with a stamp of her foot that sent the mud flying.

And indeed there was cause for her annoyance. Marcia, the petted darling of a large family of boys, had in an impulsive moment a month before accepted the position as teacher in the out-of-the-way country district of Centers, twenty miles down the river from her home, the town of Newton. Not being on the line of any railroad, the farmers of Centers when they went to town, depended upon the little steamboat which came up the river early every morning on the way to Newton. But this morning the boat did not appear at the usual time. About noon farmer Carter found out from some stray negroes coming up for the holidays that the boat had been obliged to stop for repairs far down the river and could not make the trip that day. Then Marcia tried to get some one to drive her to town. By this time, however, everyone who had a conveyance was gone, except a few of the younger generation who were saving their teams to attend a big Christmas tree at Mt. Pisgah Church ten miles away. Of course each of these individuals was "mighty sorry" he couldn't take her, but he had promised to take the children to the big Christmas "doin's", and it was too late

now to go to Newton and get back in time. He was sure, though, that she could find somebody else. So it was no wonder that Marcia coming away from the last place visited should feel very vexed.

At the foot of the hill she turned aside from the main road and took a short cut across the fields which led to the rear of the Carters' farm, her boarding place. Reaching the gap, she was just in the act of taking down the top bar, when a sound like someone sobbing arrested her attention. Looking around she saw huddled up in the broomsedge against the fence her youngest pupil, who lived on the adjoining farm.

"Why, Nannie dear, what is the matter?" she cried.

There was no answer except a storm of tears.

"Come now, tell teacher what's the matter," Marcia coaxed, gently stroking the child's fair head.

At last little Nannie choked out between her sobs, "Aunt Mary says th-they ain't no Santa Claus, and she w-wont let him come to m-my house. And I w-wanted to g-go to the big tree tonight 'cause maybe h-he'd leave me a d-doll, b-but it's too f-far away!"

Marcia's heart went out to the child, who had never had a doll. Forgetting her own disappointment she thought hard for a few moments. Then picking up the weeping Nannie, said in her cheeriest tones:

"Look here, dearie, quick! I got something nice to tell you. How would you like to have a tree in the schoolhouse, a shiny, sparkly tree, all lit up with candles and strung with popcorn? There'll be candy and--why you'd just love to, wouldn't you? It'll be yours and mine together--"

"And can Tom and Sarah come, too? They can't go to the big tree either," questioned the eager little listener.

"Yes, indeed. And we'll find out all the others who can't go to the big tree and invite them, too. But come, let's go tell everybody to come up to my house and help. We'll get Tom and the boys to get the tree, and won't we have a jolly time?"

Marcia, radiant and alert, at once began preparations. Presently the aroma of spices floated out from the Carters' kitchen. Inside, Marcia was heaping up great pans of hot,

sugary, gingerbread men, and under her skillful direction, the children were working like bees, making great ropes of popcorn and bright red berries, cracking nuts and picking the kernels out.

Just then old Mr. Carter thrust his head in the door.

“Say, Miss Marcia,” he called out, “I gotcher somebody to take yer home. It’s my son-in-law, Dave Smith. He’s going to Newton and has got room for one more, and’ll be glad to take ye.”

Marcia hesitated a moment, then replied as she turned out a pan of gingerbread,

“Thank you, Mr. Carter, but I’ve decided to stay over and give the children a treat. I just can’t leave now.”

“Well I’ll be gumswizzled,” murmured Mr. Carter. “I thought she was just nachully dyin’ to git home.”

At last late in the afternoon the schoolhouse was all trimmed with garlands and fragrant boughs of pine and the tree was set up. Then the children went home, but Marcia stayed to trim the tree with a few little surprises for the children.

Ah! What a fairyland the schoolhouse seemed that night to the eyes of the little children. It was lighted only by the dim glow of a dozen red-covered lanterns. From the background of dark pine the tree, a wonderful tree, such as might have grown around Kris Kringle’s own ice palace, shimmered and dazzled with its intricate maze of twinkling candles, silver and gold stars, and festoons of popcorn and red berries.

Nannie caught her breath in sudden ecstasy; for there—yes—right in the very tiptop of the tree, was the lovely, lovely doll of her dreams! And Marcia, watching from a corner said to herself:

“I know my little niece would appreciate it, but she has so many things, and Nannie wanted a doll so much.”

How they enjoyed the tree; and after the presents were handed out, what a jolly time everybody began to have! The lights were turned up, the fire replenished. Then Marcia brought out the saucepans, and everybody began to make candy. What a time they had pulling the taffy! How well

the butterscotch and fudge turned out! How hilariously everybody laughed and laughed again when they tried to bite the apples hanging from the ceiling, or carry potatoes in spoons, without a mishap.

It was bedtime before anyone realized the lateness of the hour. As the children were leaving, little Nannie whispered bashfully to Marcia:

“Teacher, my doll is just buful.”

And “teacher’s” cup of happiness filled to the brim.

Just then the boat whistle sounded far down the river. Marcia ran out of the door.

“Oh! there’s the boat and I *can* get home after all,” she cried, scrambling into Mr. Carter’s buggy waiting outside. “I know we can make the trip in time. My suitcase is all packed. Oh, *do* hurry, Mr. Carter, please!”

“Thought ye said ye didn’t want to go home this evenin’ when ye had the chance,” the imperturbable farmer called out, lumbering after her.

“I didn’t. But you see it’s different now that poor Nannie and the others have had their treat.”

“Well,” soliloquized Mr. Carter, as he gathered up the reins and for once succeeding in prodding the blue-gray mule into a surprised jog, “wimmin’ are curus critters.”

After a mad race to the farmhouse for the suitcase, they reached the landing just as the last barrel was rolled aboard.

On board the vessel, breathless but happy, Marcia heard from the bank a familiar voice drawling:

“Goodbye, Miss Marcy. Hope ye’ll have a ni-i-ce Christmas.”

“O, thank you. I’m sure I will,” she called back briskly, as the boat glided up the river.

Marcia stood on deck for a moment gazing at the stars, and somehow her heart felt strangely light.

“I’m going home, home, home,” she chanted softly, and tomorrow is Christ’s birthday. Somehow it never did seem so sweet before. I wonder why.”

But Marcia in losing herself, had found for the first time the real spirit of Christmas.

## December

*May McQueen, '14, Adelphian*

The autumn leaves haue fallen one by one,  
Their dress of yellow, red, and brown now sere,  
And sad we watch the winter drawing near,  
For all the joys of autumn now are done.  
Oh, vanished pleasures of the autumn sun !  
We miss the richness of thy golden cheer,  
And dread December's bareness creeping near.  
We can but mourn those bright days that are gone,  
And yet the present hath "its music too";  
For with it comes December's priceless note,  
The angels' song of peace, good will to man.  
The pleasures of the summer seem but few,  
Away in haze the autumn joys now float,  
When old December's gladness comes again.

## The Power of a Song

*Daisy Hendley, '15, Adelphian*

A wagon filled with people rolled down the driveway leading from the big white farm house, leaving a slip of a girl waving goodbye from the porch. The whole Morris family, excepting Betcinda, were leaving that day to attend a protracted meeting in progress at a church a few miles away. Betcinda must prepare dinner for the absent family. After watching the wagon until it was out of sight, she entered the house just a few minutes too soon to see the unkempt figure of a man slip from behind a clump of bushes at the end of the driveway and steal behind a tree some yards nearer the house. Presently he came nearer and still nearer until at last he reached the front doorsteps. He was evidently a vagabond. His clothes were ragged and soiled, his face covered with an untidy beard; his whole appearance denoted a man reduced to the last extremes. This formidable looking man entered the house, proceeded down the broad hallway and paused before a closed door at the lower end of the hall. He understood the situation exactly. For what else had he been watching the house for the last two days, even coming once to the back door to ask for bread. He knew very well that the girl on the other side of the door was the only thing between him and the five hundred dollars which Mr. Morris had received the day before for his wheat. He had been outside the window when the farmer told his wife where he put it.

Now he heard Betcinda as she moved about the kitchen, for that was the room he stood without. Presently she went out the back door opening on the back porch and crossed the yard to the well. Quietly the man opened the kitchen door and entered. At once he saw his hiding place, and crossing the room placed himself behind the pantry door which stood ajar. Through the crack of the door he commanded a view of the room. A wicked gleam was in his eyes as Betcinda came back and resumed her work. She was making pies and

right deftly did she go about it too. She was a little girl with a sweet face, and it was a pretty sight to see her as with plump hands she dexterously wielded the rolling pin. As the tramp watched her, he planned. Certainly the little cook must come into that very pantry for sugar. Yes, it would be very easy; and five hundred dollars was well worth it, he thought.

As Betcinda rolled the pie crusts, a sweet smile was on her face. Presently she began to sing. It was an old song, a simple one, and it was sung very sweetly too.

“Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd’st me come to Thee,  
Oh, Lamb of God, I come! I come!”

The man behind the door passed his hand across his forehead. What was he remembering? Where had he heard that song before? Oh yes, it all came over him. He remembered another kitchen, like this one, big and clean. In the kitchen there was a little boy sitting on a stool. It must have been either a very little boy or a very high stool, for the little fellow’s feet were high from the floor. That little boy was watching a woman, such a sweetfaced woman, roll pie-crusts. She was singing too, and why—she was singing that very song. Of course that was what made him remember. The little boy was he, and the sweetfaced woman was his mother.

The sweet voice sang on:

“Just as I am and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
Oh, Lamb of God, I come! I come!”

There was no ugly light in the man’s eyes now. He was still remembering. The little boy had asked, “Could the blood cleanse *every single spot?*” His mother had replied, “Yes, every spot, dear. Of course, your little heart is pure now, but if there should ever be a spot, His blood can cleanse it.”

“Oh, sweet mother, dead now for years,” mused the man,  
“It is such a big blot.”

“To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
Oh, Lamb of God, I come! I come!”

softly sang the girl again.

“Mother said so, and she never told a lie,” whispered the tramp.

Just then the girl paused in her work and turning entered, not the pantry, but an adjoining room.

“Thank God,” came from the lips of the man. He crept from his hiding place, stole across the kitchen floor, out the back door, and with head high, wended his way down the avenue.

## The Economic Uses of Yeast

*Effie B. Baynes, '14, Adelphian*

Working throughout the world are innumerable small bodies known as ferments. These bodies, although too small to be seen with the naked eye, are enabled by their great numbers to carry on one of the greatest industries of the world, namely fermentation. By the term fermentation we mean the decomposition of organic bodies, in the presence of these ferments, into simpler compounds. There are many kinds of these bodies that bring about this process, but all of them may be divided into two great classes—the organic or living, and the inorganic which may be either living or lifeless. It is the living organic ferments—bacteria, yeasts, and molds—that concern us most.

Of all these ferments, Conn says that yeasts are the most natural agents of fermentation, as the term is to be used in this paper, i. e., a process by which alcoholic liquors are made from a sugary solution. There are two kinds of yeast, the wild and the cultivated, that take part in this process. The wild yeasts are in the air, on the outside of fruits, etc., and when they get into the sugary solutions, they cause a spontaneous fermentation. These yeasts are of use in the making of wines, but the cultivated must be used in the making of beers. Now there are two kinds of cultivated yeast, the brewer's and the baker's. Brewer's yeast may be either "top" which grows as a scum on top of the vat and is then taken off; or it may be "bottom", i. e., the yeast is allowed to sink to the bottom of the vat before it is collected. Baker's yeast is prepared by compressing the yeast into cakes with starch.

Aleoholic fermentation is the basis of one of the most important, and also of one of the most harmful processes in life, namely: the making or "raising" of bread, and the furnishing of a basis for almost all stimulating beverages. As far back as we know, people whether civilized or savage, had their peculiar beverage, and, although ignorant of the fact,

depended upon the yeast for the production of their drinks. For many centuries the phenomenon of alcoholic fermentation has been known. Different material may have been used to begin with, but the process of making was the same, for all had to have sugar, or something that could be changed into sugar, to have obtained the alcoholic fermentation since alcoholic fermentation is the breaking down of sugar into carbon dioxide and alcohol.

The results of this process of decomposing, or breaking down of sugar into carbon dioxide and alcohol, are the bases of the work of the yeast. The production of carbon dioxide is the chief use of the yeast in the household since it is the means by which bread is made to rise. Even as early as the time of Lot we read of leavened and unleavened bread. This early type of leavened bread was made with a spontaneous raising of the dough by means of wild yeast. Later it was found that a little of the first batch would hasten the rising of the next, and therefore this soured dough from the first batch was called leaven. Yeasts had also been used to some extent for leaven. We have records of the people of the Roman Empire using a leaven made of grape juice and millet. Later on yeasts were obtained by exposing the dough, or some ingredients of the dough, to the air and allowing the wild yeasts to get into it. A very interesting example of this is the old time "salt-raising" bread that our grandmothers used to make. Milk, with a little salt added to prevent the growth of bacteria or molds, was exposed to the air in a warm place. The milk soon began to froth from the carbon dioxide formed by the spontaneous fermentation, and was then used to mix up the dough. Other devices have been practiced, but all have almost wholly given way to the use of cultivated yeasts. The use of yeast renders the bread lighter and more digestible, and gives to it a flavor that increases its value. There is no sugar in the flour for the yeast to work on, but there is a substance called diastase which, when mixed in the dough, converts the starch into dextrose. The yeasts are then able to begin their work, and they decompose the dextrose into carbon dioxide and alcohol. The alcohol evaporates, and the carbon

dioxide attempts to escape, but is unable to force its way through the thick dough, and therefore remains in bubbles. When exposed to excessive heat the bubbles of carbon dioxide, which have already made the dough rise, by expanding, expand still more and are finally driven off, leaving the places that they occupied as pores in the bread. Sometimes bread is made to rise by forcing air into the dough, but this lacks the flavor peculiar to bread raised by the former method. Chemicals, also, are used to produce the carbon dioxide, but no other means is thought to render the bread as digestible as yeast.

In the raising of bread only the carbon dioxide is used, but in the production of beers, ales, etc., both the carbon dioxide and the alcohol are necessary. The alcohol gives the flavor and the carbon dioxide the sparkle to the drink. Perhaps the greatest of all uses of alcohol is in the making of beverages, both distilled and undistilled. It is in these processes that yeasts are most harmful to life.

Fermentation in wines is produced by the action of wild yeast from the air and from the outside of the fruit. After the juice has been pressed from the grape it is exposed to the air for sometime. More yeasts fall in, and with those already present cause a spontaneous fermentation, which may be either "top" or "bottom". The "top" fermentation requires a much greater temperature than "bottom". Whether "top" or "bottom" there are three stages in the fermentation process. The *main* fermentation is characterized by the growth of yeast cells, decomposition of maltose, and a rise of temperature; in the *after* fermentation the decomposition of maltose continues, the growth of yeast cells almost ceases, and the yeast particles settle to the bottom; in the last stage, or *still* fermentation, the decomposition of maltose continues. After the main fermentation the "must" is drawn off into casks for the next stage. Care must be taken to "rack" the "must" off at once when this stage is over, for impure potassium tartrate is deposited on the side of the cask and must be left. The final stage must be watched for undesirable fungus growth.

Beer, another beverage resulting from alcoholic fermentation, is made by the action of cultivated yeast upon the "wort". This wort is made from malted grain, usually barley, but other grains are used. The grain is soaked in iron cisterns for almost seventy-two hours, and then put upon a malting floor to sprout. When this has progressed as far as desired, and the largest amount of sugar possible has been produced in the grain, it is thrown upon the drying kiln. When dry, it is crushed and mixed with hot water in a mash tub where the starch is changed by the diastase into fruit sugar. After a few hours the "wort" is strained, cooled, and boiled with hops, which impart a certain peculiar flavor, and also certain preservative qualities to the beer. It is then again strained and cooled, and put into a large vessel with yeasts. The fermentation produced by these yeasts is allowed to go on for several hours, and the beer is then drawn off and stored in casks for use. This process of beer-making varies in different countries, but the general principle is always the same.

The distilled liquors are made in the same way as wines and beers, but are carried through one more stage. After the still fermentation, they are distilled by boiling in a covered boiler connected to a condenser by a tube.

Besides the use of alcohol in the making of beverages, it is utilized in other industries. Alcohol is the second great solvent agent of the world, and is therefore useful in the preparation of varnishes and lacquers. It is used in the celluloid industry, in collodion manufacture, in the making of gun cotton, and transparent soap. Alcohol is rapidly increasing in value as a fuel. Each of the three kinds may be used as a fuel.

All of the alcohol and a great part of the carbon dioxide used in all the industries that have been mentioned are obtained from the action of yeast, and although we cannot see these yeasts themselves, we must see from their work how important they are, and how useful they are to the human being.

## A Glimpse Into the Land of Dolls

A Translation from the German

*Janie Irock, '16, Cornelian*

Day before yesterday I returned from a journey into play-land, from which I brought a beautiful doll which I intended to give as a present to someone. I took her out of the case and examined her carefully on all sides. Although an inexpensive doll, she was very beautiful. When I had examined her carefully, I noticed a spot, which I had not seen before, on her neck; a drop of water must have fallen on the wax. Somewhat angrily, I laid the doll out of my hand and leaned back in the chair, tired from my journey and the unpacking of my trunks. Now I must have fallen asleep for a while, for suddenly it seemed to me as if the doll stood up and looked at me very intelligently. My astonishment grew when I heard her say very distinctly:

“Shall I tell you how I received this spot?”

“Yes, indeed,” I answered, “if your story is a pretty one.”

“One cannot call it pretty,” she replied, “but it is true and therefore it is well for you to know it. You have seen the land where we dolls grow: the men are poor; they live high up in the mountains. They have no land to cultivate; so there is nothing left for them to do except work in the factories. Most of the playthings, and especially we dolls, are made in the villages. Some of the workmen make the heads, others the arms and feet, and the children themselves must help very much.”

“I have seen them,” I interrupted the lovely narrator. “Small children, scarcely three years old, sit before the doors and scrape the several pieces smooth with dull knives; the poor little beings look very dirty and poor.”

“That is natural,” continued the doll, “for they are paid very little for their work, and their need is often great. I have heard, in the low narrow rooms, many wild despairing

words. Alas, hunger brings so much pain. This misery makes the poor men hard and rough toward each other.

"I was glad, when I was taken from the cruel man who made me, and who beat his children, if they were not fast enough with their hands. With many others of my kind I was taken to a woman, who made little shirts for us. In the same miserable room her son, a delicate, pale boy of perhaps fifteen years, also worked. It was much worse for these than all the others, for they were not accustomed to poor living. They came of a good family, but the husband of the woman had lost his property and had killed himself. They were too proud to beg; therefore they worked for a factory in a village near by, in order to earn their living. They had luck, for they found work. The mother made and sold the doll shirts for a penny a dozen. For this she had to cut out the shirts, sew the pieces together, and put on the lace. The son made animals and in this way earned just about as much."

"But how can they live off that?" I asked.

"Yes, how? That is the difficult question," the doll answered. "They can live for a while, but such profit leads at last to slow starvation. A few potatoes daily, at times a cup of weak coffee, that was their food. The boy went at his work with skill and energy; but while his hands worked indefatigably, he repeated softly to himself the stories of great men who as boys had gone bare-foot and hungry. His eyes lighted up in the hope of a better future. When his mother mourned before him, he said to her: 'Do not weep, mother. We have no time for that; if we do not work we must starve. It will be better for us some day in life.'

"When he had done the same work every day for several weeks, he began to become stupid and indifferent. Mechanically he finished piece by piece, and on the day of delivery he carried the heavy basket wearily to the city three miles away. The scanty pay which he received did not give him as much joy as it had in former times. He was gradually becoming accustomed to his misery as he realized that there was no deliverance for him.

"It was on a Saturday afternoon, when I lay in the room

of the poor woman. She was through with her work for the week, but poor Kurt had cut his finger and therefore could only work slowly. Still the work must be finished. He carved with true agony; perspiration stood on his forehead. At last he had finished. The mother had already packed the heavy baskets; he took them on his back and started on his way. It was already afternoon; he had three miles to go and if he came to the factory after six o'clock, he would be sent back without mercy. The way was steep and afforded little shade. The day was awfully hot and sultry. Panting, the poor boy hastened to the city with his heavy load. But, O, misery! When he reached the gate, the clock struck six and he still had five minutes to go. At last, at last, he stood before the factory. The people who had delivered their articles came by with their empty baskets just then and cried out to him, 'You come too late!' He knew it, but he would at least see if he would not still be received. The overseer was on the point of shutting the door, when Kurt held out his basket toward him with a beseeching request. 'Nothing here,' was the reply. 'Do you expect me to stay here until midnight? Take your stuff with you and if you are not punctual next time, there will be no more work for you. Do you understand?' The unhappy child stood as if crushed. His face, which had glowed from overexertion, now became deathly pale. When the door closed before him, he turned to go, but he tottered and fell. Just then an elegant equipage came around the corner. The owner of the factory sat in it and his glance fell upon the boy. He took out his gold watch and said to himself: 'Of course, it is seven minutes after six. It is natural that he was not received. Would that the people would learn punctuality.' Without stopping he drove on. Happily another vehicle came immediately behind that one. A large dog pulled a wagon filled with empty baskets, and a man walked by it. When this man saw the fainting boy, he had compassion on him, pushed his baskets together, and laid Kurt, together with his burden, on the wagon. The man lived in the same village and knew the boy. He was the much envied one in the place, for he owned

a dog and with this he could carry his work to the city. This time he also had his burden on his way home and he had to help the animal pull.

“Meanwhile the poor mother waited in great anxiety for Kurt’s return, and when she heard the neighbor’s wagon rolling she hurried to the door to ask about her son. She screamed aloud when she saw him lying helpless before her. A streak of lightning flashed across the sky and the thunder rolled in the distance. When the boy was carried into the room he opened his eyes once more. He saw his mother kneel beside him and he whispered, ‘Free! Free!’ while his countenance shone for the last time.

“It was over; from the tower sounded the evening bells. They proclaimed to the poor boy a Sabbath which no week of hard work followed.”

The doll became silent, but I asked: “And the mother, can we not help her?”

“She has been helped,” was the answer. “Death that time was kind, for in a few days the needle was taken from her hand. My shirt was her last work. The spot which you see came from a tear, which she wept over her boy.”

“Then we can do nothing more for those poor people?” I asked sighing.

“Of course, of course!” the doll cried eagerly. “You shall tell their true story in order that others may be helped; for others it is not yet too late. It must be better some day for the poor people!”

Then there was a knock at my door. I raised myself and rubbed my eyes. The doll lay still and dumb on the table before me, but the tear of the poor mother was seen very plainly on her neck.

## Why the Fishes Are Dumb

A Translation from the German

*Naomi Pate, '15, Adelphian*

Do you think indeed that the fishes have always been dumb as they are today and have not been able from the beginning to utter a sound or to speak a human word? This is not so and I will tell you how it came about.

When God created the world he gave a voice to the sprightly little fishes and they could sing even more beautifully than the birds, so that many a one ordered for a birthday gift a fish that could sing right well. Through their intercourse with men they learned little by little not only to understand but also at last even to speak. But this was their misfortune; for with speech belongs intelligence and this the fishes did not have. But the less they thought, the more they talked; indeed the dullest ones talked the most. The men complained often about the noise which the fishes made from early until late, but it did very little good. If a scholar wished to take a quiet walk during the morning and came to the water, the stupid prattle of the fishes disturbed him in his deep thoughts; if a workman lay down on the cool grass for a nap at noon, the fishes would not let him sleep long; if two lovers went walking in the moonlight, the fishes stuck their heads out of the water, made large eyes and, unasked, took part in the conversation; in short, they were not to be endured longer.

Now King Waterman called his people—that is to say the fishes—together once in every month to a great party in his palace. The palace was built of crystal and had no walls, but only pillars, so that the fishes could swim in and out easily, and they had no doors to open, for that would have been inconvenient for them. The water-nymphs and mermaids came also and danced and sang, so that it was a great pleasure. Then the king and queen would sit on a throne made of gold and red coral and watch the different doings. There were also all kinds of dainties,—cakes, fruit, ice and

wine, for then the fishes did not eat flies and worms and preferred to drink wine rather than water. When now the water-nymphs had danced right nicely, they received as rewards the costliest pearls. The most beautiful thing, however, was the Nibelungen ring, which the king wore on his finger; this the dwarfs had forged out of gold from the Rhine and the gods and men had striven for its possession. Now, King Waterman kept this as a secret. Therefore he said to the fishes each time when they were leaving: "Now, be clever, dear little fishes, and do not betray our secret to men. If they find out what treasures are here, they will force their way into the palace and plunder and destroy it; then each one of you would fare very badly." The fishes promised each time to be silent, but every time it became harder to keep silent. One day they had been again to the palace as guests and now they came together again on the next day in order to discuss among themselves the splendors they had seen. Near a clear spring the trout, the small frying fish and the white fish met and conversed eagerly about the dress which the queen had worn at the last festival and how gracefully she let her train sweep after her. They were very angry about the pike and carp, which had acted with little courtesy and had snatched the best bits of food away from them, because they were larger and stronger. In short, it went on as in a real coffee party except that the coffee was lacking. The pike and carp and the distinguished salmon had in their turn also many things to do. They put their heads together and acted very mysteriously. However, they discussed many things also which were of danger to the state. Some of them were dissatisfied with King Waterman; they asserted that he was a tyrant and must be deposed. Others on the contrary contended against this and wished to give an address of loyalty to the king very soon. An old pike which wished very much to be general, tried to collect signatures. But an old fat carp would not allow that, for he wished to give the address himself in order to be given a ministerial post as reward. Great speeches were made and at last they all shrieked together until they were hoarse.

Just when the fishes were about to separate, a young fellow came along that way. He stopped and looked at them a little while, looked very surprised and then said, "What clever creatures you are and how beautifully you talk! You could indeed tell many great things if you only wished to!"

Because of this praise the fishes felt very much flattered. "Yes, indeed!" they said, "Yes, indeed, we know all sorts of things, not only beautiful things but also important ones."

"But children!" called out a fat pike that was so old that moss grew on his head, "do you not remember King Waterman and your promise?"

"Who is this King Waterman?" asked the fellow, who had never heard the name before.

"Who he is, we know very well," answered the fishes, "but we will not tell it."

"You know indeed nothing!" called the fellow, contumuously, "for those who know something tell it, you stupid fishes."

This angered the fishes very much, that they should be called stupid; they crowded up closer together, great and small, and cried: "We deny the impeachment that we are stupid. So clever are we that King Waterman invites us to his palace of pearls, gold and coral and shows us the Nibelungen ring." They all indeed shrieked together, but the fellow had heard enough.

"Oh!" he said, astonished, "you are so clever! Yes, one must really have respect for you. Let me tell you something. If you will remain together for a little while, I will show you something beautiful in return for your news." The fishes had nothing else to do and promised to wait. But the fellow went and brought a large net, such as fishermen have today.

Meanwhile the fishes were very pleased and thought, "Surely now the men will honor us much more when they find out how distinguished we are and that we visit the king."

When the fellow returned he took off his hat and asked them just to look one time at what a beautiful gift he had made for them. The curious things rushed hither, ran into the net and were caught. Now the friends of the fellow came

up and they dragged the full net to the land. "We have you, you stupid fishes!" they laughingly cried. "Now you must show us the palace of the king of the sea, for we have a desire for gold and pearls!"

"That we will not do," said the fishes.

"Then we will cut you into strips for cooking," said the fellow. "You have now your choice." The poor fishes were in great distress, for they did not want to be cut up into strips for frying; but however much they begged and pleaded, they did not become free. Then in their distress they promised to show the way to the palace. But at the same moment King Waterman in greater anger appeared.

"Traitors!" he cried to the astonished fishes. "Is this the way you keep your word? But you shall not escape your punishment. Because you have misused the precious gift of speech, you shall be dumb until the last day!" Hereupon he tore the net to pieces and the fishes rushed back into the water in the greatest haste. But, O misery and woe! They had so much to say; yet however hard they tried, no one of them could utter a single sound; they were dumb. Happily severe King Waterman has disappeared since that time and that is a consolation, for otherwise many a one might fare as the poor fishes at that time fared.

## On Christmas Eve

*Mildred Harrington, '13, Adelphian*

Christmas eve! and you can almost imagine that the village is a miniature fairy city, with its sparkling minarets of ice, and dazzling turrets of snow transforming comfortable dwellings and humdrum places of business into glittering palaces of snowy splendor. On the streets all is good-natured hurry and bustle. Mothers, fresh from mysterious conferences with Santa Claus, hurry along with their arms full of bulgy parcels. A black mammy, with a basket of "Crismus frum de big-house," stops to peer in at some brilliantly lighted window, or to call "Crismus gif" across the street to a middle-aged man of business who is still to her "Marse John's baby boy." Dark red holly berries, mingled with gleaming mistletoe, lend a dash of color to the sombre greens of the foliage massed against the clear crystal of the shop windows. The pungent smell of bruised cedar and pine fills the air as a passing wagon, laden with Christmas greens and small boys, makes its noisy way toward the little church at the foot of the hill. Up and down this same hill little chaps with big sleds blow their red mittened fingers and stamp their sturdy legs as they toil up the "slide" at whose top wait demure maidens in gayly bowed pig-tails and abbreviated skirts. Now and then a slender girl, snuggled up to her chin in furs, with an adoring cavalier at her side, whirls by in a jingling sleigh. As it grows darker, the streets are deserted, and finally, the shops are closed. And long before midnight only the spirit of "Peace on earth; good will toward men!" is abroad in the fairy city of snow.



# State Normal Magazine

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"Christmas is coming upon us in such an appalling fashion!" is an expression often heard among us at this time of year.

True, it is almost here, but why is that fact appalling? Is it not the gladdest time of the year? Should not everyone of us be happiest then? Then, why is its coming so dreaded by many of us?

I am afraid, for one thing, that we worry too much about the gifts which we feel obliged to give. We must give a present to this girl or that one, because she gave us one last year, or because "we are afraid she is going to give us something." Could we enjoy a gift knowing that this spirit prompted it? Another thing which mars the true Christmas

spirit, is our habit of selecting or giving a gift, simply for its value in *cold cash*. If we cannot afford handsome presents, why worry, if the spirit accompanying the gift is that of love and good will?

There are so many little ways, too, of getting happiness out of the Christmas season. The "Consumers' League" has taken steps to relieve the people in the stores of the rush of the holidays. Right here we could help so much. By a little extra effort on our part, our Christmas shopping could be done before the middle of December. Think how much we would be helping other people to have an enjoyable Christmas! As it is now, the clerks in the stores are often too completely worn out to enjoy Christmas at all.

Let us turn over a new leaf this year, and see how many people we can make happy at this season, whether by gifts or by little kindnesses. We will realize twice the joy ourselves.

*E. C. B., '13, Cornelian.*

#### KEEP TO THE RIGHT

"Keep to the right as the law directs,  
For such is the rule of the road,  
Keep to the right whoever expects  
Securely to carry life's load."

If we would pass the girls that we meet, on the right side, how many minutes would be saved every day and how many catastrophes of spilled books would be averted at the doors of the Administration Building! The right way is just as short as the wrong—or the left way—and much surer in the winter when the walks are covered with ice. Let us all begin today and pass on the right everyone that we meet on the walks, in the halls, at the doors, and on the stairways. In the future when "life's load" consists of something heavier than a mere stack of books, the habit of keeping to the right will still be useful.

*S. P. S., '14, Cornelian.*

It seems to me that there is in this college a sad lack of true college spirit. One of the girls who attended the Asheville convention said that the Normal girls really felt ashamed because, while all the girls from the other colleges had many catchy college songs and yells, they were obliged to keep silent. Last year when I was a "new girl" I did not find out the words of our college song until as late in the spring as April. Does not this show how weak our college spirit is?

Intense class spirit and society spirit we have in abundance, but we do not have enough college spirit. I would not have anyone a whit less loyal to her class and society, but I would like to see a great, hearty interest in college affairs of which class and society form a part. There are several things we might do which would encourage such a spirit. Less competition between classes on field day would tend to draw the classes together. Each year after the Thanksgiving debate there is more or less feeling between the two societies, even though we strive against it. An annual intercollegiate debate just after the inter-society debate would do much toward eliminating any factional feeling that might exist between the two societies, and at the same time create a lively college spirit. The glee club which Mr. Brown has organized will also do much towards unifying our interests.

We need a college spirit that will draw us closer together; we should feel it our duty, while we are students, to do everything in our power to create and keep vigorous such a spirit.

*R. H., '15, Adelphian.*

Every young woman in the student body was delighted when the Director of Music announced that

**THE COLLEGE  
GLEE CLUB** a choral club is to be organized very soon in our college. This means much to the college, to the student body as a whole, and to the individuals so fortunate as to be able to take part in this work. It means much to the college in that it will so improve the music here that the attention of our city and of our state will be attracted, and another step will have been taken that will

tend to make the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College the very best school possible. It means much to the student body in that it will be a "tie that binds", it will create such *college spirit* that the class spirit and society spirit, both of which have a tendency to cause friction, will be forgotten. It means that each girl in the glee club will get excellent training under the competent Director of Music. She will derive much pleasure, too, out of the work, and this, perhaps the most selfish motive, is enough to make us glad that we are to have a glee club.

E. W., '15.

On Saturday evening when announcement is made that the **THE MISCELLANY** will meet, the students begin asking what kind of organization this is, and what it does. Some seem inclined to look on this as a freakish organization. But every college and community has its Miscellany, whether called by that name or some other. In the village the Miscellany usually meets in the postoffice after the distribution of mail, when some farmer with paper in hand mounts the barrel and leads off in a discussion on some political event of the day.

In our community the members of the faculty, the Senior and Junior Classes meet every other Saturday night to discuss things that have happened in the outside world. Living in a community so complete in itself it is difficult not to grow into thinking that our problems are the only problems, that our class elections are the most important in the world, that our hockey games are the chief sport. In other words, we grow narrow. It grows hard to carry on an ordinary conversation with anyone who is not vitally interested in the happenings around college. The Miscellany tends to remedy this weakness. It is intended that the members of the Miscellany shall gather interesting news of the outside world at their meetings; and through their conversation at the tables, on the walks, in their rooms, be so alive as to quicken and stimulate the other students to read the newspapers and magazines.

In academic terms, the Miscellany "offers two courses": one a review of the world's happenings, the other a short

sugar-coated course in economics. If you were to attend a meeting of the Miscellany you would first hear one of its members giving a running account of the events of the past week, inviting discussion on every point. Since all members of the Miscellany read the Literary Digest and other periodicals, they are able to take part in an intelligent discussion. After this we study some subject that we feel ignorant on, as "Currency", or "Why it is that the United States can put its stamp on a mere scrap of paper and make it worth so much", or again, "Crime and its preventives", and not infrequently "*Woman Suffrage*" and the growth it has made in the United States within the last few years. These discussions are conducted by some outsider who has made a specialty of the subject. In this way the Miscellany arouses interest in national events and problems.

But besides stimulating thought in the outside world, there are several valuable by-products of the Miscellany. A spirit of sympathy and co-operation grows up between the Junior and Senior Classes. Working together in the Miscellany they learn to sympathize with one another in their common effort and to "pull together". And although we meet only a short time every two weeks, each meeting serves to strengthen this spirit between the two classes. The same is true in regard to the faculty. Here we meet them not as teacher and pupil, but as students of the same subject and the same spirit of sympathy and co-operation creeps in. Here we feel that they are sympathetic friends willing to guide our thought, not ready to jot down the woeful six for a slip of the tongue.

In answer then to the question, "What the Miscellany does", we would say, arouses interest in outside events and problems and indirectly creates a spirit of fellowship in the college.

*L. R., '13, Cornelian.*



## Young Women's Christian Association Notes

*Gertrude Griffin, '13, Adelphian*

The work of the Association has made marked progress during the fall. The work of the past month may be sketched:

The regular Sunday vesper services:

October 27th—A regular missionary meeting. Speaker, Mr. Kendrick; subject, "A Lost World". Soloist, Miss Severson.

November 3rd—Speaker, Mr. W. H. Swift, State Secretary of the Child Labor Movement. Special music by the choir.

November 10th—Speaker, Rev. J. D. Miller, of the Episcopal Church; subject, "The Coming of the Kingdom." Soloist, Mrs. Wade R. Brown; Mr. Wade R. Brown accompanist. Miss Sallie Sumner presided at this meeting.

November 17th—Speaker, Rev. R. M. Williams; subject, "The Value of Happiness." This was a sermon delivered at the request of Dr. Foust, and was appreciated by all who heard it. Special music, a duet by Miss Lillian Wakefield and Miss Flossie Stout.

The regular Wednesday evening meetings have been:

October 23rd—Leader, Miss Fannie Starr Mitchell; subject, "Secrets of a Beautiful Life."

October 30th—Leader, Mrs. Sharpe; subject, "Using our Talents."

November 6th—Leader, Miss King; subject, "How to Find What Our Talents Are."

November 13th—Regular missionary meeting. Leader, Miss Annie Scott, assisted by Miss Coline Austin and Miss Cora John. Subject, "Life of Alice Jackson."

Three new volunteers have been added to our volunteer band. The band has decided to hold but one open meeting each month instead of two as heretofore. These meetings have been:

October 27th at 4:30 p. m.—A closed meeting.

November 10th—An open meeting. Leader, Cora Caudle; subject, "The Missionaries of India." Attendance, 25.

November 3rd and November 9th—Closed meetings were held.

On Friday, October 18th, Mr. Henry J. Langston, of Wake Forest College, President of the Student Volunteer Union, visited us and spoke to the volunteer band.

The morning watch services are increasing notably in attendance and in interest. This work is fast taking its place with the most

important of the activities of the Association. A most interesting special service was conducted on Tuesday, November 5th, by Miss Louise Goodwin, on the subject, "Our Nation". The week November 10th-17th was observed as a week of prayer on the subject, "The Coming of the Kingdom." Home mission week was observed November 18th to 25th, "Our Duty and Our Opportunity as a Nation," being discussed. On Sunday, November 17th, a special service on the topic, "The Joy of Giving," was led by Miss Coit. All who attended spoke of the pleasure and benefit this talk had been to them. We wish to congratulate the morning watch committee on its success and to urge all those of us who do not attend these services to form the habit now.

On Thursday, November 14th, there was a joint meeting of the cabinets of Greensboro College, the city organization, and the Normal Association, in response to an invitation from our cabinet. The meeting was held in the Cornelian hall, where a report from each organization was given and different phases of the association work discussed. After the business meeting, the guests were invited into the committee rooms and entertained by the social committee.

Miss Margaret N. Smith has been made chairman of the Social Committee of the Association in place of Miss Carey Wilson, former chairman.

On Friday afternoon, October 18th, Miss Strong gave a delightful tea for the members of her mission study class in her rooms at 998 Spring Garden Street. On the afternoon of November 1st, Miss Lee pleasantly entertained her Bible class at her home on Spring Garden Street.

Note: On December 6th the Association will hold its annual bazaar.



## Society Notes

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### With the Adelphians

*Mildred Rankin, '13, Adelphian*

A play, "The Limb of the Law," was presented during the literary exercises of the Adelphian Society on the evening of November 8th. Augustus Da Benham, a prominent young lawyer, who as usual was in a quandary because of his debts, decided on a rather novel, and what came near being a disastrous plan of paying off his obligations. Because he thought that his father and sister would both be away for some time, he let his father's handsomely furnished country home to a Mr. Graham, on condition that he might board in the family. To his surprise he found that Mr. Graham's daughter, Julia, was the same girl with whom he had fallen in love, at a party a short time before.

But other surprises of not such a pleasant nature were in store for him. His sister, Alice, suddenly returned home and announced that she was expecting company to spend several months. However, after much clever arguing on her part, and an explanation of the whole affair by Gus, she recalled the invitation, and also became a boarder at the Grahams. Just when matters had again become smoothly re-adjusted, Mr. De Benham unexpectedly returned from a business trip. Naturally he did not understand why his house was occupied by strange people, who insisted on treating him as their guest, and giving orders to his servants. Mr. Graham on the other hand was equally puzzled and provoked that a guest should assume so much familiarity with his house and household. Gus, when he saw that matters had about reached a crisis between his father and Mr. Graham, explained the affair to their satisfaction, and received their forgiveness. However, in the course of the explanations, it developed that Mr. De Benham had been summoned home by a telegram which no one seemed to know anything about. But Clem Bancroft, a young friend of Gus's, arrived in time to say that he had sent the telegram because the De Benhams were heirs to a large sum of money left to them by a sister of Mr. De Benham from whom they had not heard for years. The interest of both families was then centered in the arrangements for the double wedding of Julia and Gus, and Alice and Clem, and the play ended in a pretty little love scene. Kit, Gus' negro office boy, afforded the audience much amusement by his ridiculous actions and treatment of words.

The cast of characters was as follows:

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Augustus De Benham .....	<i>Meriel Groves</i>
Mr. De Benham .....	<i>Lucy Culpepper</i>
Alice De Benham .....	<i>Marianna Justice</i>
Mr. Graham .....	<i>Lillian Proctor</i>
Mrs. Graham .....	<i>Mildred Rankin</i>
Julia Graham .....	<i>Emma Wilson</i>
Clem Bancroft .....	<i>Susie Rankin</i>
Kit .....	<i>Margaret Smith</i>
“The Lady in Black,” a client of Gus’ ..	<i>Alice Robbins</i>
James, a servant .....	<i>Fannie McLaughlin</i>

Before the play, Lila Justice delighted the society with two vocal selections. Between the acts, Ida Bray furnished instrumental music.

## Cornelian Society Notes

*Verta Idol, '13, Cornelian*

The Cornelian Literary Society held its regular meeting on November 8th. After the business meeting, four of the new members gave an impromptu debate on the question, “Resolved, that the present arrangement in our dining room is best.” Misses Elizabeth Jones and Louise Nowell were the debaters on the affirmative and Misses Katherine White and Janie Ipoek on the negative.

A college play, “The Pledging of Polly,” was then given. This little comedy was very clever and humorous, showing the complications of two Pollys’ arriving at an eastern college. The real Polly, a Senior from Western comes to Eastern because here are sororities which she longed for at Western. The sorority, which she has been invited to join, is making great preparations for her, when another “Polly,” really Miss Whittaker, of the English faculty of Western, comes in, searching for Polly and is mistaken for her. The complications arising from this misunderstanding are worked out in an attractive, interesting, and humorous manner; and the real Polly finally decides to return with Miss Whittaker to Western. “The Twins” who have suffered at the hands of another sorority also go to Western.

Miss Whitaker, in her efforts to explain her identification, at last becomes desperate and allows affairs to run their own course until Polly appears and explains everything.

The sorority girls are merely a group of typical college girls: Nan, who never thinks before she speaks; Charlotte, the girl who shirks anything like work; Brownie, who must always have something to eat; Minerva, the Latin student; Eleanor, the matter-of-fact; Peggy and Dot, the frivolous; in fact all are true to life. The Twins, unsophisticated and new in the ways of college life, were well portrayed by Eleanor Morgan and Annie Hall. The other characters were:

Mary Whittier (Polly) .....	<i>Mary Cliff Bennett</i>
Miss Mary Whittaker (Asst. Eng. Dept.) .....	<i>Verta Idol</i>
Nan .....	<i>Lizzie Roddick</i>
Eleanor .....	<i>Margaret Mann</i>
Charlotte .....	<i>Mary Wilson</i>
Minerva .....	<i>Mae Belle Cobb</i>
Brownie .....	<i>Lallah Daughety</i>
Peggy .....	<i>Elizabeth Craddock</i>
Dot .....	<i>Maggie Staton Howell</i>



# Among Ourselves

*Lillian Crisp, '13, Adelphian*

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The students were agreeably surprised on Hallowe'en night to find the dining room decorated for the occasion. The centerpiece on each table was a Jack-o'-lantern surrounded by fruit and Hallowe'en dainties. The girls all appreciate the thoughtfulness of Misses Burgess and Jowitt.

Friday evening, November 1st, the Sophomore Class gave an entertainment entitled, "The Funny Paper Fair," which was chiefly characterized by "funniness". Among the performances were those given by "Mutt and Jeff," "Scary William," "The Newlyweds," "The Katzenjamer Kids," and a literary society composed of colored ladies and gentlemen. While these scenes were being given, ice cream cones, all-day suckers, candy and peanuts were served as refreshments.

On the same evening, the members of the Junior and Senior Classes were permitted to attend a political address delivered by Governor Kitchin at the Greensboro opera house.

The Miscellany held a very interesting meeting on Saturday night, November 2nd. The four presidential candidates, Wilson, Taft, Roosevelt, and Debs, represented respectfully by Pattie Groves, Margaret Smith, Lizzie Roddick, and Meriel Groves, stated their platform and the principles of their parties, appealing to the mass of people (the members of the Miscellany) to cast their votes for the right. When the candidates finished their speeches, the votes were taken, Wilson receiving a large majority. After the election was over, Mr. Jackson gave the outlook for the national election as it then appeared. Though this election was held partly in a spirit of fun, it was characterized by a certain seriousness too, since the students realize that they may at some future day need to know enough of the principles of the parties to vote.

A course of excellent concerts has been planned by the college authorities for the coming season. The students are anticipating with much pleasure this course which is to be given by some of the best artists in this country.

The first of the series was a chamber concert, given on Tuesday night, November 5th, by the Schubert String Quartet of Boston. The quartet is composed of Davol Sanders, the first violinist, who is a well

known artist of Boston; Faxon Grover, a violinist of the New England Conservatory of Music; Bertram Currier, the viola player; and Frederick Blair, the violincellist and leader of the quartet.

The students and the music-loving people of Greensboro deem themselves very fortunate in being able to enjoy such music.

Perhaps nothing has occasioned more general interest in college this year than the national election. The returns, which were read by Mr. Brown immediately after the Schubert String Quartet concert, were received enthusiastically by the students and faculty. Mr. Hammel personally directed the work of receiving the returns down town.

At the chapel exercises on Wednesday, November 6th, Mr. Jackson gave a short talk on the results of the election, and the political outlook for the coming administration of the president-elect.

Miss Mary Petty recently gave a talk on the adulteration of foods to the household economics department of the Woman's Club of High Point.

Recently a press bureau has been organized with the following officers: Chairman, Florence Hildebrand; Secretary, Louise Jones. The object of the bureau is to keep the press of the state in touch with this college.

On Friday afternoon, November 1st, Mrs. Wade R. Brown and Miss Ethel Abbott assisted in a drawing-room recital at the home of Mrs. A. D. Glasecock, of Charlotte.

Miss Jamison, the head of the domestic science department, gave a helpful and instructive lecture on the chemistry of cooking and relative food values, before the household economics department of the Woman's Club of Greensboro on Wednesday, November 6th. This was the second lecture Miss Jamison has delivered this year before this department. She will deliver another in February.

Among the large number of North Carolinians who attended the session of the Southern Association of Preparatory Schools and Colleges held in Spartanburg, S. C., Thursday and Friday, November 14th and 15th, were Dr. Foust, Miss Mendenhall, and Dr. Gove.

At the Kirmess which is to be given by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Greensboro during Thanksgiving week, a Grecian dance will be given by sixteen of the Normal students. This dance was given at the Adelphian initiation banquet this year. Mrs. Sharpe, Miss McAllester, and Miss Washburn are helping with the training of the dancers for the Kirmess.

Miss Annie Petty recently addressed a gathering of High Point people who are interested in a campaign that is being waged for a Carnegie library for that town.

The second recital by the music faculty of the college was given Saturday night, November 16th, in the auditorium. The recital was given by Miss Ethel Mary Abbott, pianist, assisted by Miss Kathryn M. Severson, soprano. This was Miss Abbott's first appearance as a pianist before a Greensboro audience and much interest was manifested by the musical people of the college and city, a large audience being present. Miss Severson added to the favorable impression that she made at a previous appearance. In response to an encore, she sang a charming song composed by Miss Abbott. The next recital of the artist and faculty series will be given Thursday afternoon, December 19th, at 4:30 o'clock, by Mr. Wade R. Brown, organist, assisted by Mrs. Brown, contralto. The second half of the program will be made up exclusively of Christmas music.

Miss Coit, the Secretary of the College, has returned from a much needed vacation of one month, which she spent at her home in Salisbury and at Montreat.

On Saturday, November 16th, the Seniors moved into the new dormitory that has just been built for them. On account of the unavoidable delay that prevented the use of the building at an earlier date, the coming of the Seniors and the ten Juniors who are with them into their beautiful home, is all the happier. It seems in this case that realization is equal to anticipation.

On the first night spent in their new dormitory, the Seniors were made very happy by the Juniors' serenading them.

On Friday evening, November 15th, a large number of the students had the pleasure of seeing Othello at the Grand Opera House. Faculty and students were especially interested in seeing this play, as Miss Odette Tyler, who took the part of Desdemona, is a niece of Miss Kirkland.

On the morning of November 21st, a large party of representative citizens of Philadelphia enjoyed an automobile ride over Greensboro, one point of interest in the trip being the grounds of our institution.



## Exchanges

*Lila Melvin, '14, Adelphian*

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A college magazine should not be judged entirely by the first number of the year, but rather by the improvement shown from month to month. The magazines for November show marked improvement over the October issues.

A typical college magazine should reflect every phase of college life. The literary department should be full, and should show essays, stories, and verse in proportion. The editorials should vividly portray the daily life of the students. One of the best examples of this type of college magazine is the Wake Forest Student. The several essays, stories, and poems give a substantial appearance to the literary department. The editorials are timely discussions which bring us close to the true college spirit of the students. One department, however, we do not see. We think that the students of other colleges would be glad to know something of the literary societies, since these are usually considered one of the chief factors in the development of college life. In the essay, "Among the Scottish Lakes," the writer takes us on a delightful outing to the wild, picturesque highlands of Scotland. The other essay, "The New America," is of great interest to all. The six stories come up to the average, and some of them are excellent, the best one being, "The Helpin' Han." Though the poems are not quite so pleasing as those of last month, they are very good.

The Mercerian shows a distinct southern flavor in its two nature poems, "Autumn Scenes," and "The Sceptered Season," which are full of rich autumn color. These are superior to any poems the exchanges for this month offer. It seems to us that the stories "A Diverted Tragedy," "The Murderer," and "The Gist of the Matter," picture a side of life which is rather repulsive. "The Deacon's Trial" is much more pleasing. "The Earliest Mercer" is a fitting essay for this early number of the magazine. In the fall, while we are thinking of the conferences of the past summer, it is very timely to have an essay, "College Boys in Conference".

We are indeed glad to welcome The Wesleyan this month. Its best articles are the stories, "The Stolen Hour," and "The Scar that Could not be Effaced."

We do not think the Red and White has yet reached the standard it

should, since there are only two stories in the present issue. The fullness of the various departments gives us the impression that the students are more alive to the other interests of college life than to the writing of stories and poems. It is very seldom that any charge can be brought against their essays. Can it be that the atmosphere of the place is wholly practical and not at all imaginative? The three essays of the current number are well written and offer a subject matter which shows much thought. The story, "On the Fifth Avenue Bus," is interestingly told.

The excellence of the Davidson Magazine this month lies in the choice material and pleasing style of the essays and in the superior quality of the two poems, "Twilight" and "Home".

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines this month: The Lenorian, The Levana, The Black and Gold, The St. Mary's Muse, The Acorn, and the Bulletin. We are glad at any time to exchange with any college or high school magazine.



# In Lighter Vein

*Sarah Perrin Shuford, '14, Cornelian*

## Darkey Philosophy

Dis darky hain't no knowledge,  
Hain't never been ter college,  
But he's learned when things go wrong,  
Jest to up and sing a song  
    En' smile.

Don't do no good ter grumble,  
Ter fret en frown en mumble;  
When de black clowds cross de moon,  
Jest raise dat good ol' chune,  
    En' smile.

*E. C. A., '15, Adelphian.*

A young lady studying agriculture labeled a specimen, "Every green."

G., reading German: "What kind of a verb is this?"  
L.: "A 'flexible' one, I think."

A maid, passing a group of laughing girls on the hall, paused to remark: "You young ladies is er gwine ter miss yo' lessons if yer don't quit yer 'pranties'."

Report says that a certain commercial student, after a day spent in reading and writing innumerable business letters, began her prayers with, "Dear sir."

H. F.: "Did you enter by examinations?"  
D. A.: "No, I came from a 'credible' school."

One of the girls who gave a toast at initiation, practiced often alone in her room before hand. She addressed the radiator as "Madam Toastmistress".

P. G., gazing out of her window, remarked to her roommate, "Oh! I wish it would stop raining. Days like this always give me hydrophobia."

L. K., strolling down College Avenue, glanced at the training school building and asked her companion: "Why is that called 'Curry Building'? Does Curry mean teaching?"

A Freshman was heard to remark that she had a delightful walk around "meditation" hill last Sunday afternoon. We hope she did not leave the building before "observation" hour was over.

Practice school teacher, explaining fractions to her class: "Suppose Tommy had six eggs and he dropped three of them, what part of his eggs would be broken?"

Little girl: "The shells."

A psychology student recently began an illustration of an illusion with the following remark: "We have all seen houses passing by on a fast train—"

We hope that G. L. has been successful in securing the "Macbeth's Grammar" for which she applied some days ago at the book room.

Biology teacher: "What can a man do with his head that lower animals—cows or dogs—cannot?"

S. S.: "He can er—er— move it."

